

# The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 3.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1869.

NUMBER 12.

## The Termagant of Bryony

### OR "THE OLD MONSTRESS."

BY PAYSAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Why this querulous tone, Lellie? what makes you complain so much of the neighborhood? why this dejection and low spiritedness? cheer up and remember that a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier days."

"Ah! Rosine, it is not recollections of the associations of the past, nor knowledge of the gloom of the present, that weighs down upon me. It is —"

"Out with it Lellie, keep nothing from a friend in whose confidence you have, and may still repose the most implicit trust."

"Oh! Rosine that mischief-maker and invidious prattler has been saying so many hard and cruel things about me."

"Lellie, that's nothing; you know her disposition—everybody knows it. She is not capable of impairing your character in the estimation of any one. You know there is a certain class of people, in whose heart lurks that low and deceptive envy, which prompts indiscriminate slander, without designing that those upon whom it falls should ever hear of it. She is a representative of that class."

"Rosine, there is little consolation in a simple knowledge of her character. To know her is to incur her hatred; and I believe she is capable of using any means to carry her points."

"No, Lellie, I don't think she represents exactly the opinion you have formed of her; that she is an evil minded woman, I am willing to admit; but at the same time, she does not mean everything she says. Were you to make issue with her concerning what she has said, she would deny everything. You remember how she swallowed her own words when Mr. Grenelle attacked her about the report she had circulated? and how she smothered over the whole affair with eucalyptus."

"Wait, Rosine, until you know something of the nature of what she has said about me before you attempt to palliate the difference of opinion between us in regard to Miss Dunwood."

"Proceed then to tell me, perhaps I may have formed an opinion too hastily."

"She passed censure of the severest kind on my grand-parents; even went so far as to repute them dishonest; and said that I had inherited their failings. These imputations were made at a dinner-table, where I was one of the leading subjects of her remarks. She criticized my conduct on several occasions, reverted to the manner in which I had been raised, predicted my future, and perorated with a disquisition on the history of my moral ancestors generally. This was told to me by a bosom friend, who was present—for her sake you must observe the strictest secrecy."

"Of course, Lellie, I shall not divulge a single word. But were I in your place, I should hold Mrs. Dunwood responsible for the insults she has designed to offer you."

"Such reports never improve any by being made public, Rosine. On the contrary they gain unfavorable additions. Besides, an attempt of mine to demand an explanation or retraction, would be regarded by her belligerent spirit as an invitation for battle, and no doubt, the whole affair would end in an alternative war. Nothing would give her more pleasure than an opportunity to quarrel with me, a thing which above all others, I most detest."

This conversation between Lellie Lodere and Rosine Stepton will somewhat portray the character of Mrs. Dunwood. Her leading passion was to slander. In this she could not be surpassed, and few could be found to equal her. The name of some one always formed a theme upon which she gave vent to her malicious feelings. She rejoiced over other's misfortunes, and pined at their success. To keep the neighborhood in a state of disturbance was the height of her ambition and source of delight. The most obdurate will based upon the most ferocious temper, any human on earth ever possessed, rendered her an object of terror, and gained for her the slang phrase of "The Old Monstress." She was equal to any emergency and would make the greatest sacrifices to gain the most trivial points. Those upon whom she affected to bestow friendship, she retained as long

as they subserved her interests. Interest was the governing law of her nature, and she would sacrifice everything else to promote it. Her tongue was a weapon, whose power to execute seldom failed—this was her forte. She imagined a feeling of independence, and tried to assume an air of indifference. Her mind, all the time actively engaged in maturing her private plans, by which to gain her secret ends, rendered her almost perfect in the art of device. A knowledge of the inability and unwillingness of others to attempt to compete with her, inspired an audacity that was only equalled by her impertinence; and she exercised the privilege, which all seemed to grant as if by mutual consent of talking with impunity.

Lellie Lodere was a modest, unassuming, unsuspecting creature, altogether unable and unprepared to combat the vindictiveness of Mrs. Dunwood's nature. One of her failings was overcredulosity. Her confidence once established by professions of friendship was not easily shaken. Weakness in this respect often gave designing ones an advantage over her. The friendship she cherished for Rosine was always supposed to have been mutual, and indeed was until the former became the rival of the latter in a suit of love. As soon as this was discovered, Rosine became estranged, and the relation which she afterwards professed to cherish, was feigned merely for the sake of making Lellie's confessions, her own weapons of defence.

Lellie had not only the duplicity of Rosine Stepton to contend with, but also the enmity of "The Old Monstress."

As soon as time and circumstances offered an opportunity, Rosine repaired to Bryony to report the result of her interview with Lellie.

"What luck, darling," inquired the old lady deceitfully, after Rosine had saluted her with an interested kiss. "Did you get any information from yesterday's interview?"

"None, Aunt Carrie," replied Rosine assuming a title of relationship through respect to Mrs. Dunwood's age, and the cause for which she had engaged her.

"I got no information to the point, but heard some very denunciatory remarks about you. Her opinion of you is extremely flattering, I assure you, she continued ironically.

"Never mind Rosine, the day of retribution will come for all that. I have a plan in view, which, if executed, will repay us for what she has said about me. She is the only obstacle in the way of Julian Cleburne paying his addresses to you, and if we can remove that, you may be assured of what will follow."

This intimation of Mrs. Dunwood's intentions caused Rosine a sigh. Although she was willing to rely upon Mrs. Dunwood's judgment to give shape and direction to affairs, yet conscience smote her in the serious contemplation of becoming an accomplice against Lellie. Nevertheless she resolved to sacrifice principle for the sake of love.

She did love Julian Cleburne and regarded Lellie as the only obstacle to a reciprocity of feeling. If he had never told her in plain English that he loved her, his actions had been construed to imply as much. That she was pretty, fascinating and prepossessing had been acknowledged by many. That for a long time she and Lellie had divided the charms of Julian, she was willing to believe also. Then what was the cause of his final predilection for Lellie? The answer is to Rosine's mind that it was money.

Lellie was the only living issue of old Mr. Lodere. Her mother died when she was fifteen years of age, and her father having resolved never to marry again, made over his entire property to his daughter. His estate was worth about twenty-five thousand dollars, which no doubt, had its charms in the eyes of many. But it did not wield any influence in Julian Cleburne's choice of Lellie as Rosine supposed. That this property qualification was no objection, it is human nature to suppose, but at the same time, it would not atone for the absence of any other quality, which it might be Julian's fancy to cherish.

#### CHAP. II.

"There's beautiful shrubs and flowers and trees, There's perfumes floating in the breeze, And gentle gales of incense blow Upon the banks of the —"

In the County of —, near the east banks of the S— river stands a

plain little cottage. It was built when its owner was in comparative poverty. No changes have been wrought in its appearance since its erection, except that it has been repainted. It is a simple frame structure. A garret in which are hung two dormant windows gives it an antique appearance. The lattice work between its small columns is intertwined with the green tresses of the ivy and woodbine. Flowers, shrubs, and a variety of exotics enhance the beauty of the yard. In front, leading from the gate to the river stretches an avenue of a few hundred yards in length on either side of which, at regular intervals, grow evergreen oaks that have been transplanted from the swamps.

Winding along the terminus of this avenue the dark and heavy waters of the S— roll on in a southeasterly direction. Near G— ferry stands the cottage described above—the home of Lellie Lodere. It is almost hidden from view by the dense forest by which it is environed. In rear, every variety of oak interspersed with tall and gigantic pine trees overlooking its heights for nearly a mile back. The undergrowth between the cottage and river had always been kept shrubbed down, and the branches of the trees lopped off to a height that afforded an unobstructed view to the river. This care not only added to the appearance of the cottage, but often relieved the monotony of Lellie's long Summer days in affording a view of the little fishing boats that, during the Summer, were constantly passing up and down the river.

It was a pleasant evening in June, while Lellie was watching the little boats as they plied from shore to shore, that she descried a horseman riding down the avenue. The sun was sinking in the tree tops—his dazzling rays reflected by the pebbles of the river caused myriads of little silvery dials to play upon its surface.

The rider mentioned above was Julian Cleburne. He has reined his horse in and dismounted at the gate. In the mean time Lellie has disappeared to her room to arrange her toilet. Julian is ushered in the parlor by a servant, who announces that "Miss Lellie will be in directly."

Julian's mind was now made up. To attempt to smother his feelings in silence any longer was only to entail a pain, which the effort itself increased. He therefore determined to unbosom himself, let the consequences be what they might.

In a few minutes Lellie made her appearance, and after mutual salutations seated herself a few paces from him. He drew his chair in close proximity with hers and gently seized her hand. She withdrew it with a look of astonishment that caused him to wince under her silent gaze. After collecting himself he asked forgiveness, attributing the privilege he had assumed to the demand of an erring lover.

Lellie rebuked the flat declaration expressed in the excuse with an incredulous smile.

But Julian had determined not to have his suit evaded. He had come to pay his vow to Lellie and would do so if it involved his life.

He seized her hand again—she attempted to withdraw it, but the effort only increased the pressure of his grasp, and he held the little prisoner captive until a ransom was offered for its release.

Lellie spoke not a word—her heart was too full for utterance. The magnet had drawn her under its influence, and she had no will to resist the power of its charms. And if silence was consent, what better token could she give that she loved him?

Yes! the die is cast—the engagement sealed. Bright dreams, borne on pinions of love now open their future in starry colors of peace and sunshine.

#### CHAP. III.

"Never mind, Rosine, the day of retribution will come for all that," contained the full meaning of Mrs. Dunwood's intentions, and was a prelude to as evil a design as was possible for her to conceive.

She was a woman capable of the most consummate mischief, and her most prodigious efforts were never considered too dear to pay the cost of any undertaking. She gloried in abuse and slander—rejoiced in a never ceasing style of prattling, which her own levity construed into earnestness. What she failed to refute by argument, she was sure to defeat by vain and disgusting leaps of incongruity. She regarded herself as a sort of

receptacle of wit and wisdom, and was even more of a politician than Anna Dickinson. She took the contrary side of every generation for argument's sake. Egotism was a common failing with her. What others did she could do better; what others had she had better. Could she have chosen a motto for others bidding it would have been, "I am Queen, come and worship me."

With such a woman, we need not be surprised at anything she might do, for as Lellie Lodere remained in the first chapter of this story, she is capable of using any means to carry her points. Nor need we be surprised, that the authoress of this assertion should fall a victim of her malice, when we consider the threats that have been made.

Mrs. Dunwood's scheme has now culminated to a point that has stirred up the curious "wonderfully." The rumor has become a "wonder." The excitement of the unsophisticated old Mrs. Greenspecks is on tip-toe, and she has laid aside her knitting to listen to and "wonder" at every word that old Mrs. Lovesport tells her; while old Mrs. Startling Intelligence is on the go from house to house to communicate with one breath, a rig-ma-rel of the most startling nonsense. Madam Exaggeration also has a voice in the council, while old Mr. Sceptic looks on with apparent indifference.

In the mean time "The Old Monstress" and "The Old Monstress" are discussing and maturing the plan by which they hope to prevent Lellie's marriage with Julian.

Mrs. Dunwood had cautiously prepared the way, as she thought to give tone and effect to her scheme. She had proved it by impeaching the integrity of the Lodere family which she thought would facilitate matters in the connection in which she wished to make Lellie appear, and verify her predictions.

Even should she fail to establish the truth of the allegation, when the trial took place, the disgraceful nature of the charge itself she thought, would nevertheless leave its own derogatory bearings upon Lellie's standing, and thus accomplish the end in view. "For," said she to Rosine, "even the audacity of the attempt will gain additions conducive to the purpose, although the girl is as innocent as a lamb."

"But with all this evidence we can establish fact out of matter of our own make, and who cares how much she suffers, so we estrange Julian. I am certain then, Rosine, you will be the next to receive his addresses, for it was only Lellie's money that bought him over from the first."

"But," remarked Rosine, somewhat overwhelmed with the enormity of the design, "it will be so humiliating to Lellie to have her brought up in Court upon the charge of stealing. She thinks too, I am such a good friend of hers. I don't believe my conscience will ever get over it if I consent to."

"Now, goodness!" interrupted "The Old Monstress," "please to don't talk in that manner. It is too late to speak of conscience. We cannot go this far with our undertaking without making an effort to carry it through. It would be time thrown away. Rosine! these chicken-hearted people who flag when the crisis of an undertaking approaches are sure never to succeed. Besides, there is more to excite compunctions of conscience in the contemplation of the scheme than in its execution."

These words had a consolatory effect upon Rosine, and she consented to have the merit of Mrs. Dunwood's plan tested.

#### CHAP. IV.

The morning of the 30th of July, found Julian at Lellie's side. She was bowed down with grief.

"Oh! Julian," she exclaimed, "little did I dream four weeks ago that things would come to this. Would that death had laid me in the cold and silent grave ere I had become the victim of such a fate. I would rather die than bear the burden of this reproach—this intolerable weight of woe. The world will over condemn me for what I cannot disprove. Miserable creature that I am. I am ruined! ruined! Thank Heaven! God knows my heart. You are released, Julian."

"Never! Never!" on this account, answered Julian. "You are mine still, darling, and mine forever. Myriads like Mrs. Dunwood, even should she establish your guilt in the eye of the law, can never make me believe that you are morally guilty. I know, if God spares us, we marry."

"Oh! Julian, but—"

"I heard it all last night, darling," interrupted Julian. "She is a demon on earth—a perfect devil. But fear not."

These words from one who was utmost in her affections had an effect which could not have been produced coming from any one else. The ordeal through which she had passed, proved too much for her, and she resigned herself to Julian's embraces, and fell into a sweet sleep. After passing a few moments of love in the fairy fields of dreamland she awoke from the tender pressure of kisses that were imprinted on her cheeks.

"Yes, Lellie," continued Julian, "this very course which Mrs. Dunwood has taken to degrade you has drawn tighter the chords of love and sympathy, and caused me to cherish the desire of a more speedy union. I took for granted that you would not refuse and arranged to have the happy event consummated to-morrow."

Lellie assented, and the Sabbath morning of the 31st of July was appointed for the marriage.

And clear and bright was the day. The congregation of the neighborhood church had assembled for preaching. It was half-past ten when Lellie, supported upon Julian's arm, passed down the aisle of the church to within a few paces of the altar. They stand only a few moments. Soon the minister descends from the altar, and to the surprise and astonishment of those who were ignorant of what was to take place, began to perform the ceremony of matrimony. Disappointment now settles upon the countenances of "The Old Monstress" and Rosine. As if fearful to trust their own eyes and ears, they look around in astonishment to get the testimony of other witnesses to what is going on.

But, alas! It is all over with them now. Rosine's fate is doomed.

"Lellie is safe now. Providence has protected her."

Thus said Rosine to herself, while the ceremony was being performed. Conscience had now resumed its sway, and was justly punishing her for its long dismissal. Recollections of her old happy associations with Lellie, and the pleasant scenes and situations in which they had figured together were now fit emblems of reproach for her treachery. Dupe that I have been, she exclaimed, and this is the return for my weakness—these blighted hopes. She shall suffer too (meaning Mrs. Dunwood,) demon, devil, that she is. I'll show her up to the world even if I do lose my own character. Wait, wait."

Thus soliloquized Rosine. Mrs. Dunwood was now at her row's end. Oh! if she could only recall all the measures she had taken against Lellie. But she had instituted charges and how could she arrest the proceedings after having gone so far. To stop now would exonerate Lellie and show her guilty of an attempt at slander. However, if she could succeed in what she had set out to do, it would be a satisfaction to know that she had punished Lellie for her precipitancy.

Thus reasoned "The Old Monstress." But even in this she was destined to fail, for Rosine had secretly resolved to expose the whole affair. She determined to revenge her fate even if she had to stigmatize her character for life to do so.

Accordingly after her return from church she wrote a note to Lellie in which she exposed everything, and at the same time dispatched one to Mrs. Dunwood informing her of what she had done. She acknowledged her guilt to Lellie (now Mrs. Cleburne) and prayed forgiveness. Brought up Mrs. Dunwood's character in lively colors, and somewhat palliated her own conduct by exposing the enormity of Mrs. Dunwood's guilt. Mrs. Dunwood, she said had engaged to impeach Lellie's character by proving her a rogue. Told the plan which had been concocted to prove that point.

For once "The Old Monstress" had been overwatched. This exposure was so sudden, so unexpected, and so cutting that it baffled all ideas of Mrs. Dunwood how to proceed in the premises. She was not prepared for Rosine's treachery and the latter had only acquiesced in her scheme to betray her.

She thus gave to Rosine more credit than she deserved, for her treachery had not been premeditated. It was only the result of disappointment that caused the instantaneous turning of the tables, in order to compensate for the defeat of the attempt to prevent Lellie's marriage with Julian.

Lellie extended pardon to Rosine and

Mrs. Dunwood. "Expressed a few words of good advice to them in her note and offered her sympathies in behalf of Rosine."

The consequences were, that the suit at common law was stopped; and Rosine and "The Old Monstress" afterwards excommunicated from the church with the contempt of the whole community resting upon them.

Yes! Lellie is too happy now to indulge feelings of revenge. She regards Mrs. Dunwood's disgraceful defeat as ample punishment for making the attempt, and looks upon Rosine with pity and sympathy. Feels that Providence has rescued her from a fate that would have humiliated her during life. Yes! She has passed through the ordeal. The past with all its receding ills has been lost sight of in her present bliss, and even though it were only as yesterday is remembered only as a vague dream. Love has placed her in a dream of security and she regards her marriage as protection against all occurrences of a similar kind.

"Oh! married love!—each heart shall own, Where two congenial souls unite, Thy golden chains inlaid with down, Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright."

[From the New Orleans Picayune]

#### A Wicked Prank.

Wednesday night quite a fashionable wedding was celebrated in the Fourth District. The bride was pretty, as all newly married ladies are, and the groom was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. A number of invited guests lent grace and beauty to the occasion, and hearty congratulations testified the good wishes of many friends for the happiness of the newly wedded pair. But the hours went rapidly, and the time for retiring came at last. The bride was led by laughing bridesmaids up to her chamber door. But imagine their surprise when it was opened by a lady richly and elegantly clad in a traveling suit, and evidently waiting for an interview.

"I beg pardon, madam; but you appear astonished," said the strange lady. "I must confess that I did not expect to see any one here," replied the bride.

"No, madam; I came in very privately, and wished an interview, subject to no interruption."

It did not occur to the bride to inquire by whom she had been introduced or by what means she had gained access to her apartment.

"It is very strange, ma'am, and I can't imagine why you wish to speak to me."

"The reason is simple. The man you have just married has imposed upon you, I am his wife."

"Oh! impossible—you rave! and the lady sank into a chair almost fainting. Of course, the bridesmaids screamed. Such a succession of shrieks one has rarely heard. It speedily brought the family to the door with terror stricken faces, and with them the bridegroom, all asking with trembling lips—

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh! Edward," cried the bride, "this person says she's your wife."

"My wife!" shouted the astonished husband; "why, she's insane."

The strange lady stood up calm and unruffled.

"Is it possible, sir, that having perpetrated this great wickedness, you will have the hardihood to deny that I am your lawfully wedded wife?" she asked, looking the sorely troubled Edward full in the eye.

"Why, confound you, woman! I never saw you before in my life!" exclaimed the astonished man.

The lady regarded him very much as a minister would a person given over to total depravity.

"Oh! Edward, I'm afraid it's true! and I loved you so!" sobbed the young wife; how could you have treated me so?"

"I tell you I haven't got any wife but you; this woman is an impostor."

The strange lady uttered a low mocking laugh. The scene was getting interesting to the last degree. The ladies were all crying, and the father of the bride looking stern and indignant. He had been for some time intensely regarding the strange lady, when suddenly his eye lighted up, and an amused smile played on his lips. He took a step forward, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the stranger, said:

"Come, John, this is very cleverly played, but it's time it was over," and following the impulse of his arm the stranger was pushed into the hall.

Lellie extended pardon to Rosine and

"John—who-what!" all exclaimed at once.

It was the bride's younger brother, a wicked boy, who had played a naughty prank, with the aid of his sister, a traveling suit and her cast off chignon and curls.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that harmony was very speedily restored.

PROTESTANT COW.—Paddy Murphy and his wife Bridget, after many years of hard labor in ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency (beside supporting themselves and the "children") to purchase a cow (of course they had pigs!) which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Paddy stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, and procured a bottle of holy water with which to exorcise the false faith out of her.

"Isn't she a foine creature?" asked Pat, of the admiring Bridget. "Jest hold her till I fix the shed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and set it up in a cupboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle out again, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it upon her back.

But poor Paddy had made a slight mistake. Standing within the same closet was a bottle of aquafortis, that had been procured for a different purpose, and, as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh burn, she exhibited decided appearances of restlessness.

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged at the rope.

"I'll give her enough, now, quoth Paddy, and he emptied the bottle.

Up went the heels of the cow, down went her head, over went Bridget and half a dozen of the "children," and away dashed the infuriated bovine down the street, to the terror of all the mothers, and the delight of the dogs.

Poor Paddy stood for a moment breathless with astonishment, and then, clapping his hands upon his hips, looked sorrowfully, and exclaimed:

"Be jabbers, Bridget, but isn't the Protestant strong in her—the basto!"

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE LIVE MAN. The live man is like a little pig—he is weaned young, and begins few few root airy.

He is the pepper-sass of creation—the alspica of the world.

The man who kin draw New Orleans molasses, in January, thru a half-inch auger hole, and sing home sweet home while the molasses is running, may be strictly honest, but ain't sudden enough for this climate.

The live man is as full of bizzness as the conductor of a street car—he is often like a hornet, very bizzey, but about what the Lord only knows.

He lites up like a cotton factory, and ain't got any more time to spare than a schoolboy has Saturday afternoons. He is like a decoy duck, always above water at least eighteen months during each year.

He is like a runaway hoss—he gets the whole of the road.

He trots when he walks, and only lies down at night because everybody else daz.

The live man is not always a deep thinker; he jumps at a conclusion just as a frog dux, and don't always land at the spots he is looking at.

He is the america pet, a perfect mystery to foreigners; but haz dun more (with charcoal) to work out the greatness of this country than any other man in it.

He don't always die rich, but always dies bizzzy and meets death like an oyster without any fuss.

In one of our large cities, a short time ago, a Western editor was met by a friend who, taking him by the hands, exclaimed:

"I am delighted to see you. How long are you going to stay?"

"Why, I think," said the editor, "I shall stay while my money lasts."

"How disappointed I am," said the friend, "I hoped you was going to stay a day or two."

An old lady in New Jersey, having read an account of the bursting of a grindstone in a manufacturing establishment, became terribly alarmed, lest a grindstone which was standing in her cellar should burst and blow the maze up.